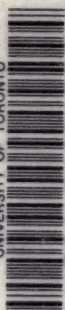


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Wars of Cyrus

1594

120440
22 | 1 | 12

Date of the first known edition, 1594

(B.M. C. 34, b. 15.)

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

[vol. 133]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Wars of Cyrus

1594

120440
22 | 1 | 12

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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1594a.

The Wars of Cyrus.

1594.

The original of this facsimile is in deplorable condition (the photographer said it was, in common parlance, "a beast"), and is, with the next one to be issued, viz.: "The Wit of a Woman," one of the worst examples of early printing, both as regards the mechanical execution and the paper employed. The latter is thin, "cockled," and altogether inferior, whilst the condition of the copy may be gleaned at a glance from the title page, with its clever Museum bindery mendings. Indeed, so difficult and risky has been the process of reproduction, that in this case, as well as in that of "Wit of a Woman," the average has been two plates for each page; hence the fractional extra cost of this volume over and above the average 4½d. to 5d. per page usual in this series. I hope subscribers will forgive this little digression in a professedly purely bibliographical introduction.

In spite of these drawbacks the reproduction in facsimile is "distinctly good."

With "Wit of a Woman," ready December 30th, 1911, subscribers will receive a bound copy of the new Hand-book to the series without extra charge.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
WARRES OF CY-
rus King of Persia, against An-
tiochus King of Assyria,
with the Tragicall ende
of Panthæa.

Played by the children of her
Maiesties Chappell.



LONDON
Printed by E. A. for William Blackwal,
and are to be sold at his shop ouer a-
gainst Guild-hall gate. 1594.



The warres of Cyrus king of
Persia against *Antiochus* king
of *Assiria*.

Enter Cyrus, Hystaspes, Chrysandus,
with other.

Cyrus.



*Y*E Persians, Medians, and Hircanians,
From the assians, assiers in this happie war,
Ye see the banded power of Asia, (fields
Whose number ouerspread the Assiria
And in their passage dranke maine rites
By fauour of the gods, and our deuoir, (drinks
Are ouerthrowne and scattred through the plaines,
Like Autumne leaues before a Northren wind.
Cresus is sold, and fled to Lydia,
The Arabian prince iswhelmd amidst the sands,
And last, the old Assyrian king is slaine.
Now triumph in the fortune of your hands,
Whose fame hath directed these affaires.

Chrs. O *Cyrus* when I saw the Lydian king,
Cresus that dastard and reproch of Asia,
Shining in armour forge of Indian gold!
Braue mounted on a prancer of Iperus,
So shamefully to forsake the field and flie,
I enuied that so cowardly a king,
Should vse so good an armour and a horse.

Cyr. *Chrysandus* like to *Cresus* be our foes,

A

Glorious

The Warres of Cyrus.

Glorious in shew, but cowardly in minde.

Chryf. Cyrus thole armes which dastard *Crefus* were,
And horse of pride and courage past compare,
What heart so base that would *deme* to fight,
Might I but lue to backe to braue a steed.

Cyr. *Crefus* is gone, and gone with him his steed,
This withot yours *Chr santus* is in vaine,
But of two hundred horses of mine owne,
Of gallant rase and courage singular,
Take you the choise and furniture withall,
The bridles bit of malsie siluer wrought,
The bosses golde, the reynes of Persian filke,
The saddles all embrodered purple worke,
Armed through with plates, with fine ingrauen golde,
And golden trappers danging to the ground.

Chryf. So lue my Lord and flourish still,
As I regard this honourable gift.

Cyr. Now Lords we haue gotten the honor of the day
And with our feet trod downe the Thrasian pride,
While I doe sacrifice for victorie,
and chose the holy altars of the gods,
Doe you betwixt the armies part the spoiles,
and glad our men with fruits of our conquest.

Ara. What portion of the golde shall we reserue
To be employed in your highnesse vse?

Cyr. *Araspas* none for me, diuide it all,
It pleaseth me to see my souldiers rich. *Exit Cyrus.*

Chryf. The Persian horse-men that did giue the charge
Shall haue five hundred talents for their share.

Hyst. The Medians that did enforce the fight,
and seconded the Persian men at armes,
Allot to them six hundred arming coates,

Ara. The archers of Hercania serued so well,
as not to giue them paiment with the rest,
Were open wrong to their approude deserts.

You

King of Persia.

Chr. You know that in the sacking of Assyrians tents
we found three thousand Scythians bowes in store,
finillit with quiuers readie to the field,
Let them be lotted to the Hecanians part.

Hst. And truth *Chrsfant* as you know well,
That bowes and quiuers gree with archers belt,
Cyrus himselfe you see refuseth golde,
And onely seekes to make his fellowes rich,
what restes amidst the conquered spoiles,
wherein his highnesse may be gratified?

Ara. *Hystaspis* there is a proud Assyrian tent,
Wherein the king was wont to sleepe and banquet in,
I thinke if that were offered to his hands,
Cyrus would take it in most gracious part.

Chr. But is the pride and brauerie thereof,
worthie to be presented to our Lord?

Araf. Asia hath not seenè a richer prise,
The couering is of blew Sydonian silke,
Imbrodered all with pearle and precious stones,
They glimmer brighter than the Sunne it selfe,
On euerie point of the pauilion,
There standes a princely top of Phenix plumes,
which trickt with spangles and with siluer belles,
And euerie gentle marmur of the winde,
delights the day with euerie harmonic.
The stakes wherewith 'is fastened to the ground,
are masie siluer of the purest prooffe,
The ropes are all of chrimson silke and golde,
Hung from the top with wrests of fluoric,
Vnder a Vine where Bacchus brnseth grapes,
and twentie cubits houer in the leaues,
Beleeue me Lords, when I beheld the thing,
The worke appearde so glorious to the eie.

Chr. *Araspis* you describe a princely thing,
Worthie to be presented to a king.

And

The warres of Cyrus

Hist. And here is a tent, though far from such a tent,
This shall be mine, the owner's fled or slaine,

Cri. O beautie rare, and more than mortall shape,
What goddesse oweth this earthly tabernacle.

Pan. *Nicasia* sings while *Panthra* sits and sighes.

But singing sings of *Panthras* wretchednes.

Chris. What are ye Ladie?

Pan. What I would not be.

Chris. Faire you are, what would ye more?

Pan. I would be free.

Ye Persian Lords I am a wofull dame,
Exposed to wretchednesse and fortunes wrath,
And thus I haue resolute you what I am.

Ara. Ladie, the graces that adorne your presence,
Deserues a fortune milde as is your face.
But howsoeuer Fortune enuies you,
Yet we will vse you honourable still.

Pan. You vse me then but as you ought to doe.

Chris. Nay Ladie we may vse you otherwise,
For voluntarie fauours be no debt.

Pan. But Lords what ere you ought is debt,
you ought to vse me well, and therefore debt.

Ara. Madam, you are a captiue in our hands,
And captiues are not to command the conquerours.

Pan. No Lords, if captiues might command the con-
querours, I would command you to release me hence. (querours,
But captiue as I am, honour commands,
That you intreate and vse me honourably.

Chris. Such honour as to captiues doth belong,
Such honour Ladie we intend to you.

Pan. My sex requireth more then common grace.

Ara. And eke so doth that liuely face.

Pan. Let be my vsage as shall please my conqueror,
And now Ile learne to craue with seruile tearmes.
My lords, though captiue, yet I am a Queene,

And

King of Persia.

And wife vnto the absent Susan king.
My lord and heare Assyrian Abradate,
And noble prince and mightie man at armes.
Vpon ambassage of the king of Batria,

Chr. But madam what persuation moou'd your
To thrust your self vnto the Assyrian campe. (mind,

Pan. Weying the double fortune of the warres,
And in my thoughts foredreading these mishaps,
What likelier rescue to preuent my harmes,
Then to be garded with a mightie campe,
Sincethat an armie of vnited hearts,
Is stronger then a fort of brazen walles.

Ara. Madam, your fall is great and lamentable,
Thus of a Queene a captiue to become,
This rests to shew your princely fortitude,
In bearing these mishaps with patient minde.

Pan. Philosophy hath taught me to embrace,
A meane and moderation in mishaps,
Long since I learnde to master all affects,
And perturbations that assaile the minde,
Onely I haue not learnde to master chance,
yet haue I learnde to scorne the vtmost spight,
Onely the pangue that most torments my thought,
Is absence of my best beloued lord.

Chris. Learne henceforth to forget your lord,
There lies an other lord to enioy your loue,
Victorious Cyrus he shall be your lord.

Pan. Victorious Cyrus though I be his thrall,
Shall know my honour is inuincible.

Ara. But they that once in state of bondage bee,
Must yeeld to best of others that be free.

Pan. Lords dreame of me or Cyrus as you please,
Onely this outward person is his thrall,
My minde and honour free and euer shall.

Chris. For that agree with Cyrus as you may,

The warres of Cyrus

Till then *Aspas* take her to your tent.

Ara. Come Ladie, you must walke apart with me,

Pan. So fortune and my destinies agree.

Enter Gobrias and his page.

Go. Persians conduct me to your generall.

Chr. What art thou that thus armed with sword and
Dires craue access vnto our generall? (*Speare,*

Go. I come to yeeld, bring me to *Cyrus* tent.

Hst. Thy habit shewest thou art an enemy,
And we may suspect thou meanest but ill.

Therefore if thou wilt yeeld vnarme thy selfe,
And we will bring thee vnto *Cyrus* tent.

Go. The Assyrian king whom ye haue put to death,
Making me leader of a thousand horse,
Buckled the armour with his gracious hands,
Nor shall it be vnloosed but by a king.

Hst. How haucie minded is this conquered man,
Cyrus shall know vpon what termes he standes,
Assyrian captaine as thou louest thy life,
Stand not vpon thy guard, but yeeld to vs.

Go. Small guard haue I to shield me from your swords,
Most of my region is slaine in fight,
And of a thousand onely these are left,
Whose wounds yet bleeding proues the faint & weak,
Yet rather will we runne vpon your speares,
Then with dishonour yeeld our weapons,
These if ye iniure vs must be our friends,
And either make vs liue or die like men.

Enter Cyrus.

Cyr. Of whence art thou that craues access to vs?

Go. By birth great *Cyrus* an Assyrian,

And

King of Persia.

And of the noblest house in Babylon
 Sometime commander of a thousand horse,
 But those thy men haue sloughered and surprised,
 And therefore I haue lost the ample shield,
 yet I am mighty *Gob.* rich in revenues, strong in fort,
 That can command a campe of fighting men,
 As resolute (be it said) without offence,
 As those that haue beene one of the day,
 All which with me the gouernor of all,
 I yeeld vnto your mightie patronage.

Cyr. This stout Assyrian hath a liberal look,
 And of my soule is farre from weake,
 Albeit *Gob.* I mistrust thee not,
 yet tell me being so weake and so strong,
 Why rather yeeldst thou to thy enimie,
 Then liue with freedom in Assyria.

Gob. O know my lord, whilst the Assyrian king,
 Which in this warre was slaine, enjoyed the crowne,
 Being highly fauoured of his matresse,
 He sent vnto me for mine onely sonne,
 Meaning to grace me with the vnparrall,
 Of his faire daughter louely *Carmela*.
 I glad to haue alyance with the king,
 Sent him my sonne. Who comming to the court,
 Was faire entreated, gently entertained,
 And well was he that might be his copere,
 For faire he was and full of sweete demeanour.
 Pleasant, sharpe, wise and liberrall,
 And were he not my sonne, I would say more.

Though his remembrance makes me weepe outright.
Cyr. Noble Assyrian either leaue to weepe,
 Or speake no more. *Cyr.* is full of ruth,
 And when a man of thy estate laments,
 He cannot chuse but weepe for companie,
 Drie vp these teares and tell the rest.

B

Began

The warres of Cyrus

Gob. I can to grow familiar with my sonne,
 And with him reade a hunting in the woods,
 where first the hounds put vpa russet beare,
 At which the king floong soone his hunting dart,
 And missed. But mine threw and pierced his heart.
 Then sodainly a Lion did arise,
 At whom likewise he let his lauelin flie;
 And hit him not: which when my sonne perceyde,
 He ouerthrew the Lion as the beare,
 which done, said he, twice haue I throwne and sped,
 whereat the prince snatched from his page a speare,
 And in a rage murdered my guiltlesse sonne,
 And that (which grieues me more) when he was dead,
 Albeit the old king wept most bitterly,
 He neither did repent nor sheda teare,
 Nor would consent to giue him buriall,
 but left him in the field vntill I came,
 And tooke his bodie in sheld aged armes,
 which eke for griefe made me to let him fall,
 And then a fresh made him to bleed againe,
 And me to weepe vpon his naked breast,
 Oh iudge my lord, if you haue had a sonne,
 How heartily I brooke his timelesse death.
 Oh iudge my lord, whether that I haue cause
 To offer service to that murderer;
 On whom I cannot looke, but in his face
 as in a glasse I see my slaughtered sonne.

Cyr. *Gobrius* thou hast iust cause to reuolt,
 And we to trust thy welcome vnto vs.
 And for the thousand house which thou hast lost,
 we will requite thee with a greater gift,
 Be thou lieutenant of the Archemians.

Gob. I humblye thanke your royall maiestie;
 And here in presence of the Persian lords,
 adopt you heire of all my prouinces.

King of Persia. well

My holdes and castles, villages and townes,
Conditionally that I may be reuenged,
On this archtyrant murderer of my sonne,
Sauing one daughter I haue neuer a child;
And the endued with icwels, plate and golde,
Shall be bestowed as you my lord think: best.

Crr. Affirian I haue captiues worthe here,
She shall be matched as becometh a princes home,
And for reuenge vpon the Affirian king,
We will gize in Babylon with our high host,
Or either stampe them with a lingering siege,
Or rip his bowels with our Persian sword,
But in the meane time helicke in our tent,
Hysasp lead the Affirian to our campe,
And entertaine him as becometh a prince,
Araschur and *Chirastus* follow him,
Araspar, as I lately gave in charge,
Shall the spoyle diuided equally.

Ans. It is my Lord and enerie souldier pleased,
Where is enclased a iewel of such worth,
As Asia hardly can afford the like,
The Sufian king stout *Abdallah* Queene,
A woman so richly iembellished
with beaurie and perfection of the minde,
As neuer any mortall creature was,
Her haire as red as is Tagis sand,
And softer than the stream on which it runnes,
Her lillie cheeks all diad with ruddie blush,
Castes such reflection to the standers by,
As doth the vniou of ten thousand sunnes,
Through her transparent necke the diue doth play,
And makes it fairer then a Christall glasse,
And from her eyts it seemes nature herselfe
Bids enerie starre receiue his proper light,
For with her glorie she castes such a brightnesse,

The wares of Cyrius

As makes the night more bright than the day,
 And day more faire than night,
 Put when she saakes to pleasure in her voice,
 As were she blacker then the pitchie night,
 She would make the hardest man fligite,
 Or wildest Scythian in your light the campe.
 And when she lookes upon you, were she dumbe
 Her beautie were a sword of eloquence,
 And had she neither loueliness nor wit,
 The harmonie she makes would taulsh you;
 She weepes and plaies while both her hand and finger
 And sighes in musicke straife wiling that more;
 Which Orpheus sings for fruit in woods and hills,
 with wringed hands in waiting made keepe time;
 Vpon their mouefull breasts as were we flay;
 we could not chuse but melt to heare their songs,
 wherefore my lord comforte this gentle dame,
 And with your presence comforte her distress.
 Cyr. ~~How~~ wouldst thou haue me visit her,
 when by her beautie may be entialed?
 Ara. You Grace may looke on her, and yet not loue.
 Cyr. Dost thou not thinke that loue is violent?
 Ara. Nay rather voluntarie my gracious lord, now
 you know that womans beautie is like fire,
 And fire doth alwayes burne all thing alike;
 Therefore if nature were of such great power,
 Should euery man by beautie be enflamed;
 But beauties things are not in equall powers;
 For some loue that which others doo despise;
 Either for feare or loue to please the enemy;
 The sister of the brother is not loued;
 The daughter of the father not desired;
 And yet some one loues any of them both.
 Cyr. If loue be voluntarie as thou saiest,
 why cannot louers loue it when they will?

They

King of Persia.

Ara. They may.

Cyr. Haue you not scene them weepe and wile for death?

Emptie their purse of coine, their braine of wit,
Sending both gifts and letters to their loues?

Ara. They yeeld too much vnto affections,
Tis follic and not beaurie makes them die.

Cyr. Men are in folly when they are in loue,
Vrge me no more, I will not visite her,
For by the cie loue slips into the heart,
Making men idle, negligent.

Nothing can more dishonour warriors,
Then to be conquered with a womans looke.

Araspas I resigne my part to thee,

Thou shalt be keeper of this Susan Queene,

Vse her as thou wilt of such birth,

Excuse me for not continuing to her tent,

Bid her be merrie with her singing maides,

And say that *Cyrus* will marotte her faice.

Exit.

Misake is is Finis Actus primus.

Enter Cressus and Nobles.

Nob. *Antiochus* king of *Asiria*,

So Lord of *Euphrates* and *Babylon*,

How long wilt thou lament thy fathers death?

Cast off those mourning weeds.

Another. How long will I lament my fathers death?

Vntill proud *Persia* weepe for *Cyrus* death.

Cres. Oh that will neuer be, *Cyrus* is strong,

So strong my *Dad* that were not *Babylon*,

Fortified with walls for twenty yeeres,

Garded with soldiers that will neuer yeeld,

Sooner would he expell you from your seat,

Then you with open arms could anger him.

What

The warres of Cyrus

Ant. What is reuenge but open warres,
As were *Antiochus* a private man,
And one of you king of Assyria,
I would not faile to worke his oner throw,
But you that are not touche with inward griefe,
will not in that attempt be resolute.

Ces. Vouchsafe O Lord to tell me what it is,
If I attempt it not then let me die.

Ant. Why this it is, feigne I haue iniurde thee,
And offer seruice to the Persian king,
Then being receiued as late *Gobrias* was,
How easlie maist thou slea him and escape,
For in the night he walkes about his campe,
Without a guard euen as a common man.

Ces. Yet he that kills him saer is to die.

Ant. I thought the feare of death would daunt him,
A thousand talents would I freely giue,
To him that vndertakes this enterprise.

Ces. My Lord I am resolute, giue me the gold,
And I will venture life in this exploit.

Ant. My treasurer at armes shall giue it thee,
And *Crispion* when I receiue his head,
Beside this summe thou shalt haue annuall pay,
As much as thy reuenues mount vnto,
And where thou art by calling but a knight,
He make thee Lord of many prouinces.

Ces. As for the gold keepe it till I returne,
and if I die deliuer it to my friend.

Ant. Well *Crispion* manage this glorious aff,
Let me embrace him ere I take my leaue.

Ces. Fare well my lord. Now you Assyrian gods,
To whom we sacrifice our so-mens blood,
Giue fauour to my lookes, faith to my speech,
That being gracious with the Persian Lord,
By me Assyria may be free from bands,

And

King of Persia.

And both the king and subjects death renengde.

Nob, fare well braue minded Ctesiphon.

Anr. While thus is doing we will march from hence,
Vnto the countrey where *Gobrias* dwelt,
He hath a cattell well replenished,
with vittales, men and furniture,
And as our spies giues vs to vnderstand,
His onely daughter stayes within the hold,
Not knowing of her fathers late revolt,
Therefore will we surprize her vnawares,
and thou shalt be lieutenant in his stead,
when we haue made his souldiers yeeld the fort.

Enter Araspas solus.

Ara. Must I confesse that loue is violent.
By doring on my captiue *Panthea*,
I will not loue He biddle those affects.
I cannot be resisted, I must yeeld,
Oh what a tyrant is this cruel loue,
That drinkes my blood, and makes me pale and wan,
That sucks my spirits, and makes me weake and faint,
That teares my heart, and makes me almost dead,
That reuels in my braines and makes me mad.
I am a souldier, and will conquer loue,
He mount me straight giue me a horse-mans staffe,
Proud loue, sit fast, for now *Araspas* runnes,
Runne and scarcely stands: O *Panthea*,
Thou sets my idle fantasie thus a worke,
and makes me speake and thinke I know not what.
I would I might forget faire *Panthea*,
I cannot name her but I must say faire,
And that word faire makes me remember her:
Panthea is white, blacke, all fauoured, terrible,
And was so beautiful as shee.

And

The warres of Cyrius

And I must weepe for this miste myn, key. And I
Why should I weepe at this time, for what
I have beside made us, weepe not but die.
Die not but live and enjoy thy love
What contrarieie consisteth in my words
O reconcile them, lovely *Panthea*, now
Thy lookes hath made me humble, and my heart
is humble to thee.

Enter Panthea and Nicasia.

Pan. I have intelligence that our Lord is sick; we
we come to comfort him as *Nicasia* may.

Ara. Oh welcome *Panthea*, shall I tell my griefe?

Pan. Sit still my Lord,

why change you colour thus, what troubles you?

Ara. Something stands by and whispers in my eare,
A kisse of *Panthea* will recover me;

Pan. O leave these idle words, they make you worse

Ara. Nay they recover me, I am bold well.

Pan. So say they that are going from the world.

Ara. *Panthea* sit downe, but sit so *Panthea*,

As I may view thy face, or else I die.

Pan. *Nicasia* command the musicke play,

It may be musicke will stay the fit.

Ara. *Nicasia* cause the musicke to cease, *Nicasia* please.

For it is hard hand mares the harmonic,

Come *Panthea* sit downe by me, and let vs talke.

Pan. Talke is naught, carrie yett but and sleepe.

Ara. Oh love,

Pan. How now my Lord, a souldier and love-sicke?

Ara. I cannot keepe it in, it breeds my heart,

For thee sweete *Panthea* I am fitt.

Pan. For me, my Lord,

Ara. Fling not away, celestiall *Panthea*,

Though I were halfe dead, I should follow thee.

The

King of Persia.

Pan. The aire will hurt thee, whither wilt thou go.

Ara. Where *Panthea* goes, oh frowne not my faire loue.

Pan. Then loue me not, else I will more then frowne.

Ara. What will a captiue woman threat her loue.

Pan. Oh giue poore *Panthea* leaue to thret her selfe,
I meane my Tragedie shall end the loue.

Ara. No louely Queene. Ile rather end my loue,
Then anger *Panthea*, much lesse let her die,
And yet God knowes my loue can neuer end,
Being infinite in measure and in time.

Pan. What wordes bee these that cut my eares with
Oh *Abiadates* little dost thou know, (Griefe,
What miserie poore *Panthea* doth sustaine,
wicked *Aras* perishe in thy loue. *Exit Panthea.*

Aras. Cannot I winne her, O vnhappy man?
Aras thou wantst eloquence to wooe,
Against chastitie no eloquence preuailes,
It was because I offered her no gift,
She is a Queene what gifts can compasse her,
I should haue courted her with better words,
But here doth loue and threatning disagree,
Nothing but Magicke can obtaine her loue,
If Magicke will, then *Pant* b a shall be mine.

Actus secundus. Enter Histaspis and Chrsifantas.

Hist. *Chrsifantas*, when I looke into the life,
The maners, deeds, and qualities of minde,
The grauenesse, power, and imperiall parts,
wherewith yong *Cyrus* is so full adorne,
My thoughts foresee that he is ordained of God,
To enlarge the limits of the Persian raigne.

Chr. *Histaspis*, rare it is to see those yeeres,
So furnished with such rare experience,
As is not common in the grayest haire.
Besides his bodie hath of these rare gifts,

C

Vfed

The warres of Cyrus

Vfed to labour, hunger, thirst and colde,
Giues true foretokens that the prince will proue,
A famous warriour and a conquerour.

Hist. And of the sundry vertues that abound
Dayly increasing in her princely breast,
Religion to the gods exceeds them all.

Cbr. And reason good for of all humane workes.
The care of them should chiefly be preferred.

Enter Cyrus.

Cy. Is this Assyrian friend or foe to vs?
That dares approach so neare the Persian campe.

Cte. In bending of my speare to Babylon,
And breaking it against the Assyrian ground,
I came a friend, not foe to Cyrus campe.

Hist. What reason moues thee an Assyrian borne,
To beare such rancour to thy countrey soyle.

Cte. That secret I reserve for Cyrus eares,
Vnto whose secret fauour, I submit
My person, honour, fortune, fame and life.

Hist. Inform the king certainly I will,
O Persians truly fortunate are you,
Vnder subiection of so sweete a prince,
That measures all the actions of his life,
By mercie, iustice, and respect of right.

Hist. It seemes th' Assyrian prince hath iniured this
with some notorious great indignitie. (man,

Cy. Man of Assyria, what wouldst thou with me?

Cte. O gracious Lord great and inuincible,
Receiue into protection of your grace,
A wretched man vndone by tyrannie,
And lawlesse rigour of a cruell prince,

Cy. What prince is he that thou accushest thus?

Cte. The new Assyrian king, a man distainde

With

King of Persia.

With endlesse markes of villanie and blood.

Cy. Discend vnto the purpose of thy tale,
And make thy state and fortune plaine at once.

Cte. I am, (I am said I) I was a man,
Earst noble, now banisht reprobate,
Highlie in fauour with the Assyrian prince,
Till sensuall rage of his vnbridled lust,
Did lay my state and honour in the dust,
And thus great Lord begun my Tragedie,
One onely virgin daughter had your thrall,
Of yeares inclining now to mariage state,
Her face and beautie (as I seeme not vaine)
were equall to the best Assyrian dames,
And she suppos'd the flower of Babylon.

The bruite of which her rare perfections ran,
Swifter than Fame through all th' Assyrian land,

And lastly rested in the priuies eares,

Whom wounded with report of beautes pride,

Vnable to restrain his desperate desire,

Attended by a band of armed men,

Inuades my castell when I was at rest,

And bare my daughter thence with violate hands,

Vnto his pallace where she doth remaine,

As concubine allotted to his bed.

Striuing her desperate honour to preserue,

I came in frantike sort to Babylon,

Exclaiming on this villain but despise,

Banding the prince with many a bitter view,

My iull complaints when once he vnderstood,

He sortes me out a damned bloudie crew,

Of ruffians, swarers, and deters, and theues,

Professed men for gain and lucre sake,

To make no conscience whom they slay and kill,

Those men by solemne othe had vowed my life,

A sacrifice vnto their cursed seruantes,

The warres of Cyrus.

And houre by houre they fought to reauce my soule,
Lying in hazard of continuall death,
I knew no hope for me at Babylon,
Other then my graue and dumlesse sepulchre,
And so for refuge to my wretched life,
I haue abandoned countrey, friends and all,
And prostrate my estate at *Cyrus* feete,
O puissant Lord whose great and conquering sworde,
was forgede by *Mars*, and made for victorie,
Protect the life of thy unhappie thrall,
And make him follower of the Persian armes,
That in the fortune of thy mightie hand,
The fall of *Cresiphon* may be reuengde.

Gob. O *Cresiphon*, this tale of thine reuiues
The wofull memorie of my dearest sonne,
Slaughtered by that most barbarous tyrant hand.

Cyr. *Gobrias* ye haue heard the Assyrian tale,
What great complaints he makes against the prince,
And those not causelesse if his wordes be true,
Now *Cyrus* is not rashly credulous,
Nor bindes his faith on euerie strangers vowes.
Tell me *Gobrias*; dost thou simplie thinke,
That this discourse is naught but naked truth,
Or else some forged or dissembled glose,
To sound our secrets, and bewray our drifts.

Go. *Cyrus* the disposition of this prince,
Solde vpon and sworne to endlesse villanies,
May proue the griefes of *Cresiphon* vnfeined,
Vpon my conscience *Cyrus* trust the man,
No doubt his sorrow and complaints are true.

Cyr. O *Cyrus* so it please the immortall Gods;
How happie were thy seruant, if his words
proceeded from a vaine dissembling tongue,
So were my daughters honor vndeiled,
And *Cresiphon* her father not exiled.

King of Persia.

Cyr. Be valiant *Ctesiphon* and follow me,
Follow the fortune of a haphie campe,
Not doubt thou, but thou shalt see the ende,
Shall rue the iniuries of his barbarous life,
Among the damned soules in darkest hell.

Cte. Then should my ghost with leaselesse wordes
opprest,
Passe and descend into the graue in rest.

Exeunt omnes.

To the audience.

We gentle gentlemen deuise of late,
To shunne the vulgar and the vestuous,
Present to you worthie to iudge of vs,
Our workes of woorth and valiantnes at once.
What wants in vs imagin in the workes,
What in the workes condemne the writer of,
But if the worke and writing please you both,
That *Zenophon* from whence we borrow write,
Being both a souldier and philosopher,
Warrants what we record of *Pant hea*,
It is writ in sad and tragicke tearmes,
May moue your teares: then you content our muse,
That seemes to trouble you, againe with toies
Or needlesse antickes & imitations,
Of shewes, or new deuises sprung a late;
we haue exild them from our tragicke stage,
As traih of their tradition, that can bring
nor instance, nor excuse, For what they do
In stead of mournetull plaints our *Chorus* sings,
Although it be against the vpstart guise,
Yet warranted by graue antiquitie,
we will reuiue the which hath long beene done.

Exit.

The warres of Cyrus

Enter *Alexandra* like a page, *Libanis* in *Alexandra's* apparell.

Lib. Madame you see your page doth undertake,
A costly peece of service for your sake,
For well that service costly may be called,
The ende whereof of force must cost my life,
For when th' Assyrian king shall vnderstand
My forged habit, and dissembling tex,
And in these female weedes shall find *Libanis*,
And *Alexandra* freely scape his handes,
What hope but certaine death remaines for me,
And that with torment rare and exquisite,
Yet madame for the reuerence to my Lord,
And duty that doth bind me to your selfe,
I will be *Alexandra* for this once,
and die to save your honour and your life.
Alex. O you the seruant, seruant of summing faith,
Worth to attend the person of a god,
Rather then daughter of poore *Cobryus*,
This sacred service to a fille dame,
Shall be ingrauen in tables of my heart,
with letters and characters so perfournde,
That when this bodie is bestowde in graue,
No time nor yet corruption shall deface
The print thereof from *Alexandra's* breast.
Lib. Thankes Ladie, And for your further meede,
Sufficeth me the honours of the deede,
Me thinkes I see the Assyrian at hand,
Now made me a rarer courageous heart,
And trust your page for *Alexandra's* part.

Alex. A Tragicall page I feare *Libanis*,
Enter *Antiochus*, *Seleucus*, *Critobulus* with

Bird

King of Persia

Ant. Bird of a traitor I presume at last,
Your lot would be to light into my handes,
Although of cankered heart you would not yeeld,
Vntill your castell shaken about your eares,

Lib. O souereigne Lord stand gracious to his damé,
That neuer trespass in offence to you,

Ant. Thy fathers treason in reuolting backe,
From due allegiance to th Assyrian crowne,
I will reuenge vpon his daughters life.

Lib. What honour in a filie virgins death?
That nere had power or will to harme your grace,

Ant. Because the plants of such corrupted stockes,
will fructifie according to the roote,
And for *Gobrias* treason to his prince,
I will preuent like miseflites in his case,

Lib. Admit *Gobrias* might be reclaimed,
Vnto his first allegiance to my Lord,
Would you remitt the offence of his reuolt,
And take him to your further grates againe?

Ant. So let the gods stand gracious to my folly,
If he forsake those hatefull Persian armes,
And firme his faith and loyaltie to me,

Lib. Then priue before you wreak reuenge on me,
Grant passport and safe conduite to my page,
That he may go and bring him,
The desperate slave that in his daughters standes,
When once my father shall perceive my plight,
And that my life must pay for his rebelli,
I know that instant how he will returne,
And yeeld himselfe to my hand.

Ant. Scribe giue her page safe conduite through my
And boy when you meet before *Gobrias*,
Tell if he returne I pardon him,
If otherwise, off goes his daughters head.

Alex. I will dread Lord: O madam grant the gods
These

The warres of Cyrus

These eyes once more may see your libertie.

Exit Alexander.

Lib. As pleaseth their dieties *Libanio.*

Ant. *Dion* take you this damsell to your charge,
And vse her noble though she be a thrall.

Dion. To vse her worse the honour were but small.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Ctesiphon.

Cte. I murther *Cyrus*, farre be such a thought,
Much more the execution of the deed,
Like as the Sunne beames to the gazers eye,
So is his view to daunted *Ctesiphon*,
During the rancor of my wicked minde,
And melting all in thoughts of sweet remorse,
How wise and gracious is this Persian king,
Who by his waldome winnes his followers hearts,
Letting them march in armour wrought with gold,
And he girt in a coate of complete Steele:
O *Cyrus* politique and liberall,
How honourable and magnanimous,
Rewarding vertue, and reuenging wrongs,
How full of temperance and fortitude,
Daring to menace Fortune with his sword,
Yet mercifull in all his victories,
See where he comes, he falle vpon the ground,
And aske for pardon at his highnesse feet.

Cyr. Rise vp Assyrian, *Cyrus* is no God,

Cte. O *Cyrus*, know *Antiochus* my Lord,
My Lord, said I, no I will renounce him quite,
Subordn me wretch with his persuasious wordes,
To doe a deed of such impietie,
As I God knowes suborne to thinke vpon,
It was thy death victorious *Cyrus*,
But mightie Lord your vertues conquered me,
And of an enimie false and trecherous,

Am

King of Persia,

Am I become a vowed friend to *Cyrus* health,
And in that resolution prest to die.

Cyr. Live long to waile for thy pretended ill,
As free from punishment as for reward,
The liues of kings are garded by the gods,
Nor are they in the hands of mortall men,
Assyrian, though thy sword were at my breast,
The gealous angell that attends on vs,
Would snatch it from thy hands, and sling it downe.
And therefore muse not at this accident.

Cte. Seeing knightly *Cyrus* is thus mercifull,
Vouchsafe this seruice at thy vassals hands,
Giue me but letters from your Maiestie,
To signifie how faine you would haue peace,
And draw your legions from Assyria,
And bearing them vnto *Antiochus*,
In the deliuerie I will murther him.
So highly do I honour *Cyrus* name,
So vildlie thinke on base *Antiochus*.

Enter Gobrias with Alexandra.

Cyr. Thou shalt haue letters to th' Assyrian king,
Free libertie to passe from this our campe,
And conduit monie from our Treasurie.
Attend our leysure, I will send thee straight.
What virgin is it that *Gobrias* leades?

Go. My daughter mightie *Cyrus*, and your child;
For I commit her to your patronage.

Cyr. Then princely virgin welcom to our campe.
But why sigh you, why hang you downe the head?
And in your pale lookes burie beauties pride,
Tis pitie these lookes should be staine'd with teares.

Alex. Euen as a doue late rifeled by the Eagle,
Whose breast is tainted with his forked talents,
So stands poore *Alexandra* terrified.

D

An

The Warres of Cyrus.

And almost dead to think of her escape,
It thou be *Cyrus* of whom Asia rings,
Rescue, O rescue poore *Libanio*.

Cyr. From whom faire madame should I rescue him.

Alex. O from Antiochus that bloodie king,
Who when he heard my father scrude your grace,
Besiege his fortresse with his men at armes,
Where onely I and that *Libanio* I aide,
By whom I live, For when the hold was lost,
He being bondman and of a baser birth,
would needes constraine me to put on his weedes,
And he disguilde as I was woon: to go,
would be *Gobrias* daughter in my stead,
And so was thought of king Antiochus,
and all the nobles of his warlike campe,
But I a bondman and at his request,
whose care was onely to preferue my life,
Sent hither as a messenger from him,
To will my father whom they thought my Lord,
To leaue your campe, and come to Babylon,
Or else *Libanio* his beloued childe
should die for his so traitorlike reuolt,
And die he must, least *Cyrus* giue him life.

Cyr. The deed was full of honor and deceit,
If gold will pay his raunsome, he shall liue,
And therefore *Alexandra* be not sad.

Gob. So shall *Gobrias* be at *Cyrus* becke,
And for his sake make lanish of his blood.

Alex. And when they know how he deluded them,
I feare they le rate his raunsome at his head.

Cy. Then blood and death Bellonas waiting maid,
shall ghastly march in Babylons waste streetes,
And neuer was a bondmans death reuengde;
as *Cyrus* meanes for this *Libanio*.

Exit omnes.

Enter

King of Persia.

Enter *Araspas*, and a *Magitian*, to *Panthea*
a sleepe.

Ara. Giue me the charme, for now doth *Panthea* sleep
If it preuaile this ieuell shall be thine.

Mag. Doubt not the operation of this charme,
For I haue tride it on *Dianas* nymph,
And made her wanton and lasciuious,
If *Panthea* be a Goddesse she must yeeld.

Ara. But tell me first, how must it be applied?
And in what time will it begin to worke?

Mag. Lay it vnder the pillow of her bed,
and in an houre it will make her wake and yeeld.

Ara. I will. Now fauour me infernall *Ioue*.

Mag. So, wake her not till she begins to smile,
Now loue begins to seare him in her braine.

Pan. Away I will not, you are impudent.

Ara. Tell me *Magitian*, what importes this speech?

Mag. Why now she thinkes some solicites her.

Pan. You are deceiude, I am not beautifull.

Ara. O giue me leaue to court her in her sleepe,
It may be when she wakes she will not loue.

Mag. Softly *Araspas*, if you talke, she wakes.

Ara. O let her wake, I long to talke with her.

Mag. Now ginnes her eyes to open, and she stirres.

Ara. Stand thou aside vntill I call for thee.

Pan. What dreames and fond illusions haue I had?

How comes this word Loue, in *Pantheas* minde?

I loue, nay rather will I die then loue,

and yet against my will I thinke on loue,

O *Panthea* thinke vpon thy funerall,

For thou art withered with excessiue grieffe,

Loue and deformitie cannot agree.

Ara. If *Panthea* be faire and beautifull,

Then loue and *Panthea* doe well agree.

D 2

Araspas

The Warres of Cyrus.

Pan. *Araspas*, *Panthea* and her selfe will iarre,
when she shall yeeld to loue. Or what is loue
But gall and aloes to my martyred soule,
Now *Abradates* is not in my sight.

Aras. Here is *Araspas* louelie *Panthea*,
For thee Ile leaue the field, then leaue thou him,
For thee Ile leaue the world, then loue thou me.
Let *Cyrus* ioy in pompe and emperie,
Sufficieth me to conquer faire *Panthea*,
Let others glorie in their ground and golde,
Panthea to me is twentie thousand worlds.
And without *Panthea* all the world is trash,

Par. For thee *Araspas* will I curse my starres,
That suffers thee so to solícite me,
For thee I will count the world as hell,
Except thou leaue thus to solícite me.

Ara. How figuratiue is *Panthea* in her speech?
Resembling cunning Rethoritians,
who in the person of some one deceasde,
Perswades their auditors to what they please,
I cannot thinke that these be *Pantheas* words,
She is so faire to giue so sharpe replie,
But if these be the wordes of *Panthea*,
Then must she change her face, and seeme lesse faire,
For know that beautie is loues harbinger,
Then being beautilous, *Panthea* needes must loue.

Par. Would I were changde into some other shape,
That I might fright thee with my hideous lookes,
I in the person of my selfe deceasde.
Protest this heart shall neuer harbour loue,
But if my lookes be this preparatiue,
Ile beate my face against the haplesse earth,
Or deeply harrow it with these my trembling hands,
which I hold vp to heauen to chaunge thy minde,
Or hasten death to rid me from this sute.

Nay

King of Persia.

Araf. Nay then if amorous courting will not serue,
Know whether thou wilt or no Ile make thee yeeld,
Pan. Though fortune make me captiue, yet know thou
That *Pantheas* will can neuer be constrainde.

Ara. But torments can enforce a womans will.]

Pan. Then should thy importunitie enforce,
The sight of thee *Araspas* should constrainne,
For I protest before the gods of heauen,
No torment can be greater in my thought.

Ara. I say so till ye feele them *Pantheas*.

Pan. I feele more torments then thou canst inuent,
who adde the more shall ease that I sustaine,
All torments be they neuer so exquisite,
Are but ascending steps vnto my ende,
And death to *Pantheas* is a benefite,
what are thy threates but sugred promises.

Ara. Then shalt thou liue and Ile importune thee.

Pan. I, now is *Panthea* menaced to the prooffe.
Yet euery word thou speakes shall wound my heart,
And in despite of thee Ile die at last,
The earnestest thou art the sooner too,
But to preuent it thus I will flie from thee,
Cyrus shall know *Araspas* villanie.

Exit Panthea.

Ara. Thus therefore shall I pine, abandonde,
O'tis inherent to *Araspas* soule,
And thereby claimes an immortalitie.
So it shall nere begin, nor neuer end,
A cursed Magitian, are these thy wicked spels?

Ma. O pardon me my honourable Lord,
For *Pantheas* vertues frustrated all my art.

Ara. Must Magicke yeeld to vertue? wherefore then
Didst thou assure me she should be in loue?

Ma. So was she being a sleepe, as did appeare.

Ara. And why not being wake, speake villain speake
Reason

The warres of Carus

Mag. Reason my Lord was the predominant,
Her intellectuall part strided against loue,
and Magicke cannot commaund the soule,
while appetite and common sense remained,
You saw I made her smile, embrace the aire,
and shew the affects of amorous conceits,
Few women vse to skirmish with such thoughts,
and had this *Panthea* beene at libertie,
she would haue yeelded to your honours sute.
But in captiuitie is nought but greefe,
and due with greefe will keepe no residencee.

Ara. Smooth are thy wordes, but rough and harsh
thy sense,

For they import *Panthea* cannot be forced.
Canst thou with inchauntations make her die?
That she being gone my loue may follow her.

Mag. Life is admiſt vnto our humane forme,
Exempt from Magicke and Magicians,
And thats the cause we sooner hurt brute beasts,
Then such as haue the semblance of our selues.

Ara. Deceitfull Artisan thy words are sleights,
Thy wordes deceitfull and full of guile,
Wit is a witch, sweete words must conquer her,
Out of my sight, yet conceale this attempt,
If thou bewray it, maugre all thy skill,
This sworde shall send thee to eternall hell.

Enter Dinon and Libanio.

Dinon. Now are we at the bankes of Euphrates,
Farre from the campe where souldiers haunt,
and here may we vnder this poplar shade,
Discourse vpon the sweetnesse of our loue.

Lib. You know my Lord I am too yong to loue,

Dinon. Faire Alexander, if thou loue not me,
Thou art compact of adamant and yron,

Thy

King of Persia.

Thy yeares are fit for loue, so are thy lookes,

Lib. How fit so ere my yeares be and my lookes,
I Alexandra am vnfit to loue.

Is not my father with the Persian king,
And I Alexandra as captiue in his stead,
And giue me leaue to waile my hard estate,
and make a riuer with my flowing teares,
That mingled with the streame of Euphrates,
May swiftly runne vnto my fathers seate,
And make him hast to great Antiochus.

Dion. Nay rather sit vpon this sedge bankes,
That I seeing thy shadowe in the streame,
May feede my fancie with thy pleasant view,
If not enioy the sweetnesse I desire,
and leape into the waues and drowne my selfe,
That thou maist pittie *Dion* being dead.

Lib. O I could pittie *Dion* being aliue,
But that I feare my father will not come,
and then shall Alexandra suffer death,
and being dead *Dion* may pittie me.

Dion. Loue, may I call thee lone, loe shee doth not
Her lookes giues warrant for that Epitire, (frowne,
For thee Ile kneele before Antiochus,
and rather then thou shalt be toucht by him,
Ile beare thee hence as furre as Tanais,
Or keepe thee close in these Assyrian woods,

Lib. No place is secrete to Antiochus,
Dost thou not know that kings hath reaching hands?

Dion. I do yet know my sworde is sharpe and keene
which when I drawe and brandish in the aire,
all Babylon will fight in my auaille,
who honour me more than Antiochus,
I will not say how great thy dowre shall be,
Nor boast what cities I commaund,
Let this, though not a king in name,

In

The warres of Cárus

In wealth and friends I am an Emperour.

Lib. If I should yeeld your honour might suppose,
That dignitie and wealth should conquer me,
Therefore I blush to say I loue my Lord.

Dion. And when thou blushes *Dion*s heart is fired,
Therefore to quench it giue a gentle grant.

Lib. My honor being preferude, my grant is giuen.

Dion. Thereof am I as chairie as thy selfe,
And of thy loue as of my proper life,

O *Alexandra* thy wordes rauisheth me,
Lull me a sleepe with sweetnesse of thy voice.

Lib. Then shall my song be of my *Dion*s praise,
Sleepe *Dion*, then *Libanio* draw thy sword,
And manly thrust it in his slumbring heart.
There is no way to saue thy life but this.
And therefore feare not, shall I slaughter him
That intertained me with such amorous wordes,
Such bounteous gifts and golden promises?
When he shall know I am *Libanio*,
And go I cannot but I shall be taine,
Vnlesse I slay him in his haplesse sleepe,
For he will quickly wake and follow me,
Now *Dion* dies, alas I cannot strike,
This habit makes me ouer pitifull.

Remember that thou art *Libanio*. *She kills him.*
Now woman but a bondman, strike and flie.

Exit.

Enter the Assyrian king and his Nobles.

An. Now that *Gobrias* fortresse is our owne,
His daughter prisoner, and his Countrie burnt,
Lets march from hence to welthie Babylon,
And muster those resolu'd Citizens,
To meeete the Persian in the open field;
Twice hath he led his forces by our gates,
Yet neuer durst to mount his battering Ramme,

Or

King of Persia.

Or warlike engine against the rampred walles,
Therefore we lie no more in garrison,
But bussell out and fight for libertie,

Nob. My Lord behold where *Dion* slaughtred lies

Ant. *Dion*, thou art deceyde it is not he,

Nob. It is my Lord I know him by his scarres.

Ant. These scarres were giuen him in my fathers
dayes,

And now he is dead, ere I cou'd guerdon him.

The greatest honour I can doe thee now,

Is to lament and kisse thy luelesse cheekes,

And that will I performe for *Dions* like,

O that I could reuiue thee with this kisse,

Nob. Doubtlesse *Gobrias* daughter murdered him,

I sawe them in the morning walke abroad,

And since they ne're retuinde into the campe,

Ant. Then she hath done this execrable fact,

And so is fled vnto her traiterous fire,

O that a fillic Maide should slaughter him,

Which not a world of Persians could subdue,

Is there no ende of my calamitie?

My father done to death by *Cyrus* sword,

Wicked *Gobrias* and his daughter fled,

Falle *Cresphon* resolute to murder me,

And now *Dion* my chiefest captaine slaine,

Why runne we not vpon these Persians,

which are the authours of these miseries?

Come souldiers take him vp and march away,

Weele emperre Babylon to meete our foes,

And be reuengde vnto the ninth degree,

Both of *Gobrias* and his familie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cyrus, Panthea, Gobrias, Histaspis.

Pan. O *Cyrus* if the fortune of thy hande,

Haue turnde my freedome to captiuitie,

E

And

The warres of Cyrus

And of a Queene made me a captiue dame,
Yet thinke that vertue is not thrall to chaunce,
Nor honour subiect to vnhappie time,
But like a gallant consecrated ship,
That in extreamest wrath and stormes of seas,
Vaunts all her sailes and fights the battaile out.

Cyr. Madame the reason of these vehement tearmes,
Cyrus doth neither know, nor can coniect,
If since the time of your captiuitie,
You haue not beene intreated as you ought,
The gods can tell t'is farre against my thought.

Pan. Then know my great Lord, the man that tooke
To gard my honor, and my person free, (the charge,
Long since doted on my person so,
That doting he hath sought my honors wreake,
A tedious siege (God knowes) I haue endure,
More hedious vnto me then hastie armes,
While vilde *Araspas* with his lewde desires,
Ceaselesse solicited my vnlawfull bed,
Without repulses I haue quailed his hope,
Which he renewed with charge of fresh assaults,
But my denials made his purpose vaine,
In fine, when no intreatie could preuaile,
To frame my fancie to his wicked will,
He falles to threatnings from persuasious termes,
And vowes to purchase his desires by force,
And therefore *Cyrus* (as thou art a king)
Protect a Ladies honour from the spoile,
And let thy bondmaid liue and die vnstaind,
And if there rest no other hope for me,
But banocke wreake and ruine of my fame,
O *Cyrus* on thy sworde let *Panthea* die,
And so prevent the danger of my shame,

Cy. Ladie, how farre your vsage disagrees,
From *Cyrus* meaning, records be the gods,

King of Persia.

As for my selfe (not vainly be it saide)
 I holde my eyes in bondage to my will,
 And keepe my thoughts in yoke to reason loue,
 My sight on beautie neuer surfettèd,
 And where her beames were likely to infect,
 My iudgement was a vaile before mine eyes
 To beare such pearcing fancies from my heart,
 Such as I am, such must my followers be,
 Else let them packe they shall not follow me:
 The man that offered to dishonour you,
 shall be so thoroughly chastised for his fault,
 As you shall rest sufficiently reuenged,
 and knowledg me a gracious conquerour,
Hystaspis carie her to your pavilion;

Pan. So stand the gods assistant to your armes,
 as you stand pitifull to my mishaps.

Exit Hystaspis and Panthea.

Enter Gobrias, Libanis in womans attyre.

Lib. My Lord, the gods and fate reserves your page,
 To doe you further seruice ere he dies.

Cy. Gobrias goes your page in that attyre.

Go. My Lord, she is no page of mine.

Some shamelesse strumpet and lasciuious trull.

Lib. And hath my Lord forgot his seruant then?

Gob. First must I know before I can forget,
 Thee haue I neither seene nor knowne till now.

Lib. O say not so my Lord, for oft ere this
 I haue beene seene and thoroughly knowne to you,
 And you I know to be my gracious Lord.

Gobrias that renownde Assyrian.

Gob. Fond girl it seemes thy wits be not thine owne.

Lib. What hath my Lord forgot *Libanis*?

Gob. I know thee now thou art my sweet *Libanis*,
 Thy borrow'd habite made me to mistake,

The warres of Cyrus

I knowe thee nowe thou art my Iwee *Libanio*,
 A vertuous boy and of a noble spirit,
 To whose desertes and courage I ascribe,
 The rescue of my daughters libertie,
 O *Cyrus* this is he that to preferue
 My daughters freedome from the Assyrian king,
 Chose to disguise himselfe in her aray,
 In fearefull doubt and hazarde of his life,
 To saue her honour from the tyrants wrath.

Cyr. My boy, what ere thy birth and fortune be,
 Great doth this mind and thoughts of honour taste,
 Expressing markes of true Nobilitie,
 And to excite thee to commended workes,
 which are the pathes that to aduancement ledes,
 Receiue this chaine of golde from *Cyrus* necke,
 And weare it in the face of all the worlde,
 Nor as a fauor to thy person giuen,
 But as in honour to thy vertuous minde,

Lib. Great and surpassing is the kingly grace,
 Yea farre beyond the compasse of my hope,
 Gods grant me life and fortune to deserue,
 This part of bountie at your royall hauds,

Enter Alexandra.

Alex. *Libanio* then I haue not prayed in vaine,
 Nor call'd vpon the gods with frustrate vowes,
 If thou once more be rendred to my sight,
 The teares of whose supposed funerals,
 Did houre by houre bedew my blubbered face!

Lib. Madame, the blessing of my strange escape,
 I attribute alone vnto the gods,
 It pass so farre the reach of humane sense,

Alex. And for thy sake their altars I will smoke,
 with sweete perfume of thankfull sacrifices.

Cy. But boy expresse in briefe what meanes thou makest

To

King of Persia.

To scape so safely from th' Assyrian campe

Lib. This meane I found and please my Lord & king,
vpon suppose of Alexandra selfe,
I was committed to a noble man,
Hight *Dion*, to be guarded in his tent.
The glorie of my counterfet attire,
And maners framed according therevnto,
Did so inflame *Dion* that with my loue,
That waking, sleeping, or what euer else,
He felt a restlesse combate in his thoughts,
In fine, more safely to commence his loue,
He led me quite beyonde th' Assyrian campe,
And brought me to the bankes of Euphrates,
There sat we downe, and he with amorous plea,
Not onely fild, but cloyde my wearie eares,
so farre that what with long continued talke,
And heare of sunne reflecting on the bankes,
Or happlie with the raching harmonic,
which Euphrates his gliding streames did keepe,
Which seeing, I imagined that the gods
Had offred this occasion to my hands,
For sweete reconerment my freedome.
Short tale to make, with dreadfull hand I drew,
The sword that hangde loose d'angling by his side,
And with the full of my extended force,
I sheathd it home amidst the owners ribbes,
He wounded set an inwarde grone or two,
Then r'ring on his face breathes forth his life,
The deed dispatche, I hied me thence amaine,
And scaping cleane without impeach or stay.
Now stand before the Persian king this day.

Cyr. President of manly fortitude,
Exceeding farre the opinion of thy yeares,
Gabris haue an honourable care,

Alex. Labanis now leaue Alexandras weedes,

That

The warres of Cyrus

That part is plaid, and be your selfe againe,

That part poore boy with danger thou hast plaid.

Lib. Madame, no daunger can be so great,

That Ile refuse for Alexandras sake,

Cy. *Gobrias* say, is Alexandra she,

For whom your page these hazards hath sustainde?

Gob. It is my Lord. *Cy.* Then let vs to your wished see

Gob. That place O *Cyrus* I desire to see, (place.

Cy. This is the place the men that follow me.

Gob. Then wample both my eyes that with this turfe,

I may be sure to hit a vertuous man.

Cy. Shall she be his on whom this turfe shall light?

Gob. So that the man be good and vertuous,

Cy. Then throw at random when you please *Gobrias*,

You cannot misse a good and vertuous man.

Gob. Then Alexandra at thy husbands head.

Cy. *Hist* aspis you are hit. *Hist.* I am my Lord,

Gob. Then Alexandra if you please is yours.

Hist. Happie were I if Alexandra please.

Alex. My Lord the fortune of my fathers hand,

Becommeth not his daughter to withstand,

To please my Lord and father I am yours.

Gob. Your fathers please. *Hist* aspis she is yours.

Cy. *Hist* aspis take your loue at *Cyrus* hand,

this is our guise, and thus the Persians do,

they wooe and wed within a worde or two. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius.

Enter Antiochus, Hircanus, Aristobolus, and Cresiphon.

Ant. No *Cresiphon* vnsheth thy bloodie sworde,

And shew it staine and cankered with the gore,

that issued from that vaunting Persians heart.

What draw man, and shew thy iust conceale

thy pay is prest in readie numbred golde,

Cre. My Lord and king I beare no bloodie sworde,

Nor staine with gore of Persians *Cyrus* heart.

A

King of Persia.

A prince he is farre from delite in blood,
Milde, loely, vertuous, wise and bountifull,
Able to reconcile his greatest foes,
And make great princes of his meanest friends.

Ant. Thy going was to compasse *Cyrus* death,
How haps thy purpose ends without effect?

Cte. The Persian prince inclines to tearmes of truce,
and craues the friendship of *Antiochus*,
So please my Lord the king to firme a peace,
For brieft whereof his letters I present,
Signed and deliuered with his royall hand,
Sincerely tending to the same effect,
Whereto if once your highnesse condescend,
He will withdraw his armies from *Assyria*,
And on the couenants seale dissolve his campe.

Ant. In case the Persian prince be so inclinde,
thy answer shall lesse offend my mind.

Cyrus to Antiochus, heath,

This bearer coming to my camp armed with resolution
to kill me, and treated more honorably then either his
trecherie or thine could deserue. *Apprehend Ctesiphon.*

Cte. What reades my Lord aright, or doth he faigne?

Hir. That you shall know before you start againe,
Vpon the instant purpose of his interprice, it pleased
God to confound him with such horror of conscience,
that vncōstrained he cōfessed the treason, & intreated par-
don, vowing himselfe so far forth friend to *Cyrus*, that
for his sake he would kill *Antiochus*. I was content to
sooth the man in his villanie, because I would haue thee
know the difference twixt an open foe & a dissembling
friend, I giue thee this notice, not because I loue thee, or
regard thy life, but because a villain shall not triumph in
the murder of him whom I account an honorable con-
quest of my self. Reward him according to his merits, &
prepare to fight with me for thy own honor. *Farewell.*

This

The warres of Cyrus

Cie. Theis thank'lesse Persian whom I spared from
Bequites me with the betraying of my life, (death,

Ant. What and were maketh traiterous *Cresphor*?

Cie. O prince my guilt is plaine before my face,
And witnelde with a princes seale,
To stande vpon deniall were but vaine,
where open prooffe conuicts me of offence,
I say no more, but prostrate at your feete,
Submit my selfe to mercie of my Lord,

Ant. Such mercie as to traitors doth belong,
Such, and no better *Cresphor* shall finde,
Disarme him of his martiall abiliment.
Disgrade him of all titles of regarde,

And then referre his attachment to your prince,

Hir This cote of armes, the badge of honor wun,
Through prais and vertue of thy auncestors,
We rent it from that traiterous backe of thine,
And as an honour slaine with villanie,
In deepe dildaine we stampe it vnder foote,

Arif. This sworde that once was girt vnto thy side,
To be emp'oyde in seruice of thy prince,
Now vowde to gore the bowels of his grace,
we breake it here vpon thy traiterous head,

Hir. These squares of knighthoode that present the
and honour due, to chivalrie and armes, (pride,
whose prickes should force the proud couragious steed
with thundering race to breake the riders launce,
Thus doe we hew them from thy traiterous heeles,

Ant. Thou art no man of honour nor of armes,
Thou hast no title of Gentilitie,
Nor stile of honour, left hereof to vaunt,
But art become inferiour o' regarde.

Then is the basell bondman of Assyria,
Or vilest slaue that hauntes the Lidian dames.

Arif. Dishonoured traitor, now prepare thy selfe,

To

King of Persia.

To yeeld thy head vnto the hangmans axe,

Cie. Not fate but my demerits makes me die,

O now I finde *Nisutum proditor.*

Exeunt.

Enter Histaspis Araspas.

Ara. I feare the furie of the Persian prince,

Histaspis, *Cyrus* furie I doe feare,

Hist. And wrath of princes, what is it but death?

Araspas on my honour make a prooffe,

And neuer shunne the presence of our Lord,

A prince he is most milde and mercifull,

Soone mollified with vowes and penitence,

And though with great impacience he endure,

Your threatned violence to the Susan Queene,

Yet your submission and desire of grace,

Will pearce him with compassion of your sute,

And purchase pardon at his royall handes.

Ara. O spitefull beautie that bewicht my minde,

And led my fancie to such foule extreames,

I will assay the mercie of my Lorde,

And yeeld my life to hazzard of his grace,

Hist. And doubt not but of *Cyrus* you shall finde,

A pitifull and passing gracious prince.

Enter Cyrus.

Cy. *Histaspis* and the rest, with draw your selues,

Onely *Araspas* stay behind with me.

Ara. My souereigne Lord in trembling feare I stay,

And prostrate fall before your highnesse teete,

The fraile affects and errours of my youth,

Enforced through follies of a wanton will,

Hath cast my life in perill of your wrath,

Blinded with charmes of beautie I haue false,

And made my iudgement subiect to desire.

And in pursute of loues vnbrideled rage,

I haue transgressed the bounds of honours lawes,

The Warres of Cyrus.

O gracious Lord impute my error past,
Vnto the power of proud commanding loue,
That led my minde and thought so farre astray,
Forgiue those frailties of my youth, O king,
And take your seruant once againe to grace,
with feare of your displeasure almost slaine.

Cy. Force to a Queene, and she a captiue too,
A Persian Lord so farre misled with lust,
Intend dishonour to a sillie dame,
Araspas they that would be conquerors,
Should chiefly learne to conquer their desire,
Least while they seeked dominion ouer others,
They proue but slaues and bondmen to themselues.
Now where are those your big and braue disputes,
Wherein you pleaded loue was voluntarie,
And fancie left and intertaind at will,
When you imbrace it in such raging heate,
That where intreaties faile of your desires,
You fall from yowes to violence with the dame,
Araspas for the excuse of this offence,
You find no president in *Cyrus* life.

Aras. I know and grant my Lord, the prince abounds
with pearelesse gifts and graces of the minde,
wherewith the gods haue filld his kingly breast,
There nought but vertuous motions taketh roote,
Nothing but honour harbours in that seate,
And holy thoughts direct his royall deedes.
That so his grace might euerie way be found,
worthie the glorie of so hie a charge,
Yet since these frailties that disgrace your thrall,
are humane fautes and incident to minde,
Where strong desires hold reason vnder yoke,
The wonted mercie of my Lord the prince,
So prone in fauour to the penitent,
May mitigate the shame of this my faule.

With



King of Persia.

With sweete compassion to his princes thrall.

Cyr. Araspas I remit thee this amisse,
although blame worthie in the hiest degree,
and for your tried deserts in martiall praise,
I am content this follie to forget,
Yet would I haue it seeme vnto the world,
That my displeasure made you flie from me,
And so reuolted to the Assyrian armes,
There this suppose shall make you intertaine,
and highly fauoured of that gracelesse king,
By meanes whereoffull safely you may learne,
The garrison and strength of Babylon,
The vtmost force and puiſſance of our foes,
With euerie purpose of Antiochus,
The time and place where he intends to fight,
Then hauing learnde the full of euerie thing,
In secrete you may scape againe to me.
With iust relation of the Assyrian campe.
This seruice if you please to vndertake,
You shall effect a singuler good turne,
and reape mortall thanks at *Cyrus* hands.

Ara. No longer let Araspas liue and breath,
Then with the vtmost venture of his life,
He will performe what *Cyrus* shall command.
And sacred price for this extended grace,
Though in the compasse of this hard affaire,
I leaue th' Assyrian faction to maintaine,
yet vow to beare a trustie Persian heart.

Cy. Then go with fortune, and returne with health
and grant the gods this enterprice of thine,
May end and prosper with desire effect.

Ara. And grant the gods that *Cyrus* still may liue,
happie in peace, and in armes victorious.

Cy. To pacifie the angrie *Pant* bees moode,
I will perswade her of Araspas flight.

The Warres of Cyrus.

That he is reuolted to the Assyrian king.

Enter Panthea.

Pan. Readie the humble handmaid of my Lord.

Cyr. To calme the heate of your offended mind,
Thus haue I lost as braue a warrior,
As euer trode vpon the Persian fields.

Pan. What warrior means my Lord and conqueror?

Cy. Araspas, who in feare of my displeasure,
Is fled from me vnto th' Assyrian campe,
And hath forsooke the Persians colours quite,
Thus madame for your sake hath *Cyrus* done,
Euen lost the worthiest souldier of his band.

Pan. *Cyrus* let not his losse perplex your minde,
If you will let me send a messenger,
Vnto my Lord and husband *Abradates*,
I know for these your princely fauours done,
To me his wife in this my captiues plight,
He will attend your fortune in the warres.
With more sincere affection, loue and zeale,
Then euer that vngracious person did.
Again, my Lord my husband is a knight,
As forward treads, and fortunate in armes,
As euer spred his colours in the field.

Cyr. Is it likely *Abradatus* will forsake,
His native prince to follow forraigne armes,

Pan. The father of this king by *Cyrus* slaine,
Was highly loued and honourde of my Lord,
This now that reignes affected *Pambeas* bed,
Sought to prucure a most vniust diuorce,
Betwixt my best beloued Lord and me,
who therefore beares him an immortal hate,
The starres of which incurable dispight,
Remaine so deepe inprinted in his thought,
That ten times blessed would he thinke himselfe,
To finde a fit occasion for reuenge.

Beleene



King of Persia.

Cy. Beleeue me Madam, if your Lord be armed,
With such fore grounded malice to the prince,
His helpe may greatly further my affaires,
And therefore if you can procure the man,
To stand assistant to the Persian armes,
You shall deserue great thanks at *Cyrus* hand,

Pan. Cyrus, I will presume to make my Lord
A trustie follower of the Persian armes,
And him your highnesse shall not faile to finde,
A noble friend and valiant gentleman.

Cy. And Madam, he shall want at *Cyrus* hands,
No praise, nor honour due to good deserts. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus.

Enter Antiochus, Araspas, and Nobles.

Ant. Araspas, though thy birth and parentage,
Seeme deadly to the Assyrian eares,
Being discended of our chiefest foes,
who purchase gentrie by our ouerthrow,
And in their inignes beare the Assyrian armes,
Yet seeing thou comest as confederate,
In token that I loue and honour thee,
Receiue this sworde, and fight couragiously.

Aras. Antiochus Ile weare it for thy sake,
And for the wrong that *Cyrus* offered me,
Vlesse my destinie preuent my drift,
Ile quicklye han sell it with *Cyrus* blood.

Nob. Wherein hath *Cyrus* wrongd thee Persian say,

Aras. In barring me of her whom I esteeme,
About the value of his Diademe.

Panibea my Lord.

Ant. What *Panibea*, Abradates wife?

Aras. Louely *Panibea* Abradates wife,

Ant. Speake not of *Panibea* if thou louest me,

For

The warres of Cyrus

For her remembrance wounds my heart afresh,

Nob. His grace is alwayes passionate and sad,

If she be mentioned, therefore name her not.

Ara. Not that alone, but manie iniuries,

Insent me to attempt his ouerthrow,

For in the field wherein your father fell,

I got rich armour, golde, and sumptuous tents,

all which he tooke vnto his proper vse,

and gaue vnto his speciall fauourites,

Nor had I wherewithall at *Cyrus* hands,

To heale those wounds which I receiued in fight.

Ant. Then see thou make as deepe wounds in his

And so crie quittance with the couetous king, (flesh,

I giue thee to this sword, armour and horse,

a horse as fierce as proude Bucephalus,

armour of trustier prooffe then *Thetis* found,

Therefore *Araspas* fight couragiously.

Ara. Albeit I haue not *Alexanders* skill,

To manage him, nor yet *Achilles* armes,

to charge as brauely, yet as good a heart,

as *Alexander* or *Achilles* euer had.

And when I shrinke for feare out of the field,

Let me be torne in peeces with that horse,

Or hewed to death with this bright cortelaux;

Ant. Thy wordes *Araspas* tise me to the field,

and makes me thinke I shall be conquerour,

Come let vs march from wealthie *Babylon*,

and then to wards *Cyrus* with our royall campe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Panthea, and Cyrus.

Pan. My husband mightie Lord, from *Bactria*,

Where he lay legar for th' *Assyrian* king,

Is come to serue vnder your highnesse flagges,

and in your aide hath brought two thousand horse,

Backt by his friends *Assyrian* Gentlemen.

all

King of Persia.

all which will die at conquering *Cyrus* feete.

Cy. Is *Abra*dates come from *Bactria*,
Then will I leaue to none *Aras*paslosse,
and thinke on conquest and sweete victorie?

Gobrias go with louely *Panthea*,
and bring him presently vnto our tent,
With those braue horlemen of *Assyria*,
You warlike and victorious men,
Marshall your severall bands in equipage,
That *Abra*dates king of *Susia*,
May wonder at the hugenesse of our campe,
and be the willinge to league with vs.

*Enter Abra*dates with other.

Here he comes, and if by his aspect,
I may coniecture of his qualities,
He is valiant, wise, trustie and liberall,

Ab. I need not aske which is the Persian king,
The vertues shining in his glorious lookes,
Say this is *Cyrus*, and in signe of loue,
will *Abra*dates thus salute his grace.

Cy. Sweete *Abra*dates thou imbrasing me,
Hath stolne my heart, I loue and honour thee,

Ab. Faire Lord was neuer captiue gentler vsde.
Then *Panthea* of this gracious conquerour.
For *Panthea*, *Cyrus* I and this my traine,
Of which the meaneft Souldier may take charge,
and be commander of a campe of men,
So able, wise and venturous they are,
Doth rest for euer at your highnesse becke,
Our horses which are grasing on the plaine,
In winter gallops, and in the seas,
and in the sommer swimmes the deepest streames,
Swifter are they in pace then lightfoot Hart,
Surer they are then Cammels clodding on the wayes,
Fiercer then Tygres, and as

Elephants

The warres of Cyrns

Olephants with Castles on their backs,
And if they were compast with arming pikes,
They knew which way to make their passage forth,
And when their sides is painted eke with blood,
they pull their reines, and lookes downe to the ground
As if they vaunted of their seruice done,
The rider being dismounted they stand still,
And kneele vpon the ground to take him vp,
But if he chaunce to die, they pine to death.
These are *Cyrns* and the riders too,
Souldiers as good as euer sunne behelde,

Cyr. These horses thou speakest of makes me glorie
Then Lydian Cressus in his heapes of gold, (more,
And of them all doth *Cyrus* make account,
As of the strengthes and sinewes of the warre,
We haue intelligence the Assyrian king
Is come from Babylon to meeete vs straight,
Therefore if *Abradates* fauour vs,
Mount and away for we'll assaile them first.

Abra. For that comes *Abradates*, lets away.

Pan. But *Abradates* I will arme thee first,
Seest thou these pouldrons they are golde,
These vanbraces and curvets malsie golde,
The gorget and thy helmet beaten golde,
The belt imbrodered golde, yet all corbace,
For *Abradate* lonelier then the golde,
May neuer speare be broken on this breast,
But that the point thereof may soone returne,
And strike him dead that durst to giue that charge;
This helmet shunne thee from the sling and darts,
This kisse make thee turne with victorie,
As for this garland made of loftie palme,
Panthea reserues it for her conquering Lord,
Vpon whose head will *Panthea* fasten it,
And hanging on his necke like *Hector's* wife,

Inquire—

King of Persia

Inquire the maner of the battell past.

Abr. Faire be my fortune for my *Panthes*,

Hst. My Lord *Araspas* in th' *Assyrian* armes,
Doth craue successe vnto your Maiestie.

Cy. *Araspas*, let him come, he is our friend.
And brings vs tidings from our enemies.

Enter Araspas.

Ara. Health vnto the person of my gracious lord.

Cy. Welcome *Araspas*, brings thou chearful newes?
Is *Antiochus* resolved to fight?

Ara. This day he meanes to encounter with your host.

Cy. What is the number of his fighting men?

Ara. I shall two hundred thousand at the least,

And thus in order lies his noble campe.

The forefront is ten chariots,

Of purpose to disfranke the approching foe.

Next them are fiftie thousand horsmen place,

To breake in where the chariots breake the way.

Next them five thousand slaues being lightly

laden with speares, helmes, naked swordes,

To go along to serue the horsmens vse.

Then twentie thousand *Sythians* runagates,

with venomde darts, whose heades are ript with Steele,

And last the battell of th' *Assyrians*,

Being hedged with launces, as a wood with Briars,

On whose heades the crossebowes and the slings,

will shoote and throw bullets of massie yron,

Whose verie fall would strike *Achilles* downe,

In middest whereof *Antiochus* will march,

Before a horn doe a thousand bondmen draw

A brazen wall built vpon turning wheles,

To gard him sure and his concubine,

All these vpon my honour I aduer.

Cy. If euery souldier had a wall of bras,

It could not daunt vs, we are resolute,

G

And

The Warres of Cyrus.

And vowed and sworne vnto our swordes,
which teacheth vs to scorne a brazen wall.

Abr. Renowned *Cyrus*, honour me thus farre,
To haue the leading of your vaungard forth.

Hist. Nay it belongs vnto a Persian.

Ara. If to a Persian; it belongs to me.

Hist. I serued *Astages* your highnesse sire.

But if a stranger may deserue the place,
I hope my seruing merits it my lord.

Pan. My husband is a king, *Cyrus* I hope
will therefore grant it, if not for desert.

Cy. Had I foure to encounter with,

you all should lead the vaungard of the field,

But onely one must haue the charge,

Though all deserue it, therefore draw you all.

All. Content.

Cy. *Cryfantis* make the lots.

Hist. pardon me *Cyrus* though I do repine,
why should we draw lots for our proper rights

Cy. He haue it so, *Histaspis* be content.

Cry. The lots are readie.

Cy. *Histaspis* I commaund thee to begin,

Now *Abradates* and the rest.

Abr. Fortune hath fauoured me, the lot is mine.

Cy. Then thou shalt lead the forefront, let vs march,

Ara. The enemy is neare, make haste my Lord.

Cy. Here *Abradates*, *Cyrus* placeth thee,

Leade warily, and fight couragiously.

Abr. As mine owne life so tender I these men,

Now to the battell; *Pamira* Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Pamira and Nicofa.

Pan. Farewell, and my good angel follow thee,

And euerie starre that might when I was borne,

Whose influence hath kept me yet from harme,

Vnfortunate

King of Persia.

Unfortunate be to make thee blest.

Ni. And miserie cease on *Nicasia*,
So *Abradates* be kept from harme.

Pan. Ye Persian Deities for *Cyrus* sake,
Assyrian Gods for *Abradates* sake,
Giue victorie vnto the Persians,
That I may see my husband weare this wreath.

Ni. Madam, *Bellonas* shrine is heere at hand,
O let vs go to offer sacrifice,
To make her more propitious to his grace,
For now he is amongst th' Assyrian troupes.

Pan. He offer all my iewels on the shrine:
And make sweet fumes of *Ambergreece* and *Myrrhe*,
Of *Indian Cassia*, *Muske* and *Frankincense*,
That *Abradates* may be conquerour,
First at her altur let vs loynly sing,
For *Musicke* is a sacrifice to her.

Enter Cyrus, Pambea, and the army.

Pan. Great lords to whom the Assyrian scepter yeelds
and *Babylon* through right of victorie,
Lies open to those conquering swords of yours,
How fares my lord, my lord and louing feere,
My *Abradates*, liues he conquerour,
Or left by destnie numbred with the dead?

Cy. Faire Ladie, veruious, chaste, and amiable,
I trust your loue among the liuing dwels,
and like a champion and a knight at armes,
will shew himselfe on manie houres expire,
His temples adorne with victorious palme.

Pan. When to the sight my lord adrest his bands,
Deuoutly entred I *Belonas* fame,
And there before the altur of the Saint,
Persunde the ayre with smoke of holie fire,

The warres of Cyrus

And breathed forth my plaints and eke my mone,
Thrice I me seemed the Goddesse turnde her face,
Offending-like frowning with angrie browes,
Against my prayers and my holie vowes,
O *Cyrus*, if my zealous thoughts divine,
Some dismall sequell to this fantasie,
Yet pardon me leeing womens wittes are weake,
And loues aboundes with superstitious feare.

Cy. Madam, I trust the presence of your Lord,
Returning backe in triumph and renowne,
Shall soone remoue those thoughts out of your mind;
So graunt the Gods my countrie presidentes,

Abradates borne in dead.

Cy. What slaughterd bodie do you Persians bring?
Captain. *Cyrus* the bodie of the Sufian king,
Stout *Abradates* by the Egyptians slaine.

Pan. Now let my Lord the prince of Persia iudge,
whether vnhappy *Pan* has feared in vaine,
Onoble loue whose manly heart deserude,
To ioy the benefixe of longer life,
And richer Trophies to enlarge the same,
But tell vs now after what sort he died?

Cap. Mounted aloft his chariot armed with sithes,
Beating the strong Egyptians downe,
A few of his familiar trustie friends,
With dreadfull face in his chariot Wheels,
While the other in the battaile turning backe,
Abandoned him among the Egyptian pikes,
Yet *Abradates* with the few remained,
By force and vertue of his puissant hand,
Sendes thousand of the heathnish foes to hell,
Till at the last dismounted from his seat,
And round environed with his enemies,

After

King of Persia.

After so many mortall wounds receyued,
He fell and yeelded vp his kingly ghost.
The Egyptians as their barbarous custome is,
when he was dead cut off his stout right hand,
And left it lying by the breathlesse corps.
But with a band of Persian men at armes,
were rescued him, and brought him to your grace,
Here to receiue such worthie funerals,
As fits the honour of so great a Lord.

Pan. Now Euphrates whose sad and hollow bankes,
Haue sucked the summe of *Abradates* blood:
which from his wounds did issue with his life,
Now cease thy course of thy disdaind teares,
And let thy courage turne against the tide,
Of mere remorse of wretched *Pantbeas* plaints.
Is this the hand that plighted faith to me,
The hand, that aye hath manag'd kingly armes,
And brought whole troops of mightie warriors down,
Now send'd from the bodie of my Lord,
Cleane voids off feeling sense and vitall breath,
So Gods and cruell destinies commaund,
Malignant of poore *Pantbeas* happinesse.
Liue Cyrus. You Lords of Persia,
Command my honour to posteritie,
That ages hence the world report may make,
That *Pantbeas* died for *Abradates* sake.

She stabs her selfe.

Nic. Gone is my Ladie pearlesse *Pantbeas*,
Slaine with selfe griefe for *Abradates* sake,
Nicasia loathes to liue when she is gone,
The pride and Phoenix of Assyria,
He not presume to touch the fatall fleete,
Wherein my Ladies sacred blood do smooke.
Receiue me in thy bowels Euphrates,
And let thy bottome be *Nicasia* graue.

Enter

The warres of Cyrus

Enter Cyrus, Araspas, and Gobrias, to Abradates dead

Cy. O Persians see if any breath remaineth.

Ara. *Cyrus*, alas all sense of feeling is gone,
His senselesse lims with stiffenesse ouergrowne,
No rubbing warming, ought auaileth vs,
But pale death sits as conquerour ouer him.

Let Araspas kneele downe by Abradates.

Cy. Mirrour of honor and true Nobilitie,
No age, no time shall euer race thy fame,
Whilest Euphrates doth keepe his running streame.
What Abradates, and chaste Panthea too,
O Abradates worthie man at armes,
O Panthea chaste vertuous and amiable,
This office *Cyrus* to your wandring ghost,
Reserues in store to grace your funerals,
With monuments of fatall Elonic,
Of Cedar, Marble, Iet, and during brasse,
That future worlds and infants yet vnborne,
May kisse your tombes wherein your bodies lie,
And wonder at the vertues of your minde,
Assyrian Lord, such honour thou shalt haue,
As neuer had Assyrian at his graue.
Six hundred head of cattell shall be slaine,
And sacrificed vpon the funerals day.
Twelue thousand horses being manned each one,
Trapt all in blacke shall goe before thy hearse,
The towred battlements of Babylon,
Bend in contempt of heauen and earth, and men,
Those markes of pride shall be abated downe,
To make a shew of mourning for thy death.
Such honour as you both receyde in life,
Such honour shall you both receiue in death.

FINIS.



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The wars of Cyrus

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